The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

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The Poet's Corner.

DISILLUSION.

I dreamed that I had long been dead—
  Spring rain, and summer light and bloom
Had swept across my lonesome bed,
  With clover-scent and wild bees' boom
  Lightening the place of half its gloom.

Serene and calm, my quiet ghost
  Came softly back to see the place
Where I had joyed and suffered most—
  To look upon his grieving face
  Whose memory death could not erase.

But he, my love, whom even in heaven
  I yearned to comfort and sustain,
Knowing how sore his heart was riven—
  My love, with life so changed to pain
  That he could never love again.

Forgetful of the golden band
  On my dead finger slumbering,
Now bent above another hand.
  And clasped and kissed the dainty thing,
  And whispered of another ring.

Alas, poor ghost! I felt a thrill—
  A sudden stab of mortal pain—
And sighed. He shivered: "Ah, how chill
  The air has grown, and full of rain;
  My darling, kiss me warm again!"

Why should I linger? As I passed
  Her lips touched shyly, murmuring low,
Just where my own had kissed their last,
  Only so little while ago;
  "Ah, well," I said, "'tis better so."

But one, who in my life passed by
  With friendship's coolest touch and tone,
I found beneath the darkening sky,
  Beside my grave all bramble-grown,
  With sorrow in his eyes—alone.

A tear, down-glittering as he stood,
  Hung, star-like, in the grass below;
I blessed him in my gratitude.
  He smiled: "Dear heart, if she could know
  How sweet these brier-blossoms grow!"

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

A STATUE IN SANTA CROCE, FLORENCE.

COUNTESS TORTORYSKA—BY BARTOLINI.

Eternal Rest!
Life-weary, with cold hands upon her breast,
Calm head upon the pillow lightly pressed,
  In perfect Rest.

Immortal Peace!
From all life's sorrows she hath found release—
Is gone where pain and grief and exile cease,
  In lasting Peace.

Benighted Death!
Such be, when those I love resign their breath,
The form of silence that thou shalt bequeath
  To Memory, Death!

MARY AYRAULT CRAIG.

Florence.

Our Special Contributors.

MISS WILLOUGHBY'S STORY.

BY ELLEN F. BARRETT.

"It isn't much of a story after all," said little Miss Willoughby, "I don't pretend to be a heroine of romance," and the tears trembled on her lashes.

Miss Willoughby was small and plain and not in the least young, thirty-eight I should say if a day. She was a visiting governess, and inhabited the dingy back bed-room of the boarding-house where I lived. Her one silk dress for Sundays was hidden behind a long, brown curtain that tapestried one end of the little box. There was a small swing shelf of books against the wall, and these, beside a bed that looked only large enough for an elderly fairy, an old-fashioned wash-stand, with three drawers, a cracked looking-glass, a small stand and hard, wooden chair constituted Miss Willoughby's lares and penates.

The out-look of the little governess seemed very bleak to me, and I often wondered at her cheerful philosophy of life. I thought she ought to be miserable and she was not. There were hours when she was positively gay and gleeful, like a robin.

Now, on this particular afternoon, when she came and tapped at my door, with the tears in her eyes, and said, as I opened it, in a tremulous voice, "O, Mrs. Granger I am in trouble, may I come in and speak to you?" Of course I was not so heartless as to be otherwise than sorry, but I did take a little credit to myself for penetration. Miss Willoughby had her wretched moments after all. I put my arms around the little woman and led her to the easy chair, as if she had been a child, when in truth she was head and shoulders above me in the experience of life and developed womanhood; but there are moments when we are all weak. Such a one had come to the little teacher.

"I had to speak to some one," said she, holding her handkerchief to her eyes. "I could not bear it alone when I heard how ill *he* was."

"*He*," I repeated, wonderingly, and then I remembered. "O, yes, of course, there is a he in every story."

She looked up with the tears dropping, though a slight blush suffused her cheek.

"It seems strange to you that any body should care for a woman old and plain as I am," she said, quickly. "I am not surprised. It is a wonder to myself, but I will tell you how noble and good he has been always, I mean Mr. Grimshaw. I never could have spoken of these things if this note had not come, and she opened her hand and showed me a crumpled billet. He has had a hemorrhage, I fear from the lungs, and wrote me these few lines—so weak and irregular I know the effort he made to trace them. I cannot go and be with him," she continued; "his mother would think it an intrusion. I know he will have the best of care, but it is torture for me to think of him ill, suffering—perhaps in great danger. You will think an old woman like me very silly, but my heart was so full I had to speak to some one. I will tell you my story and then you will understand."

She broke out weeping afresh, and I believe the tears were welling into my own eyes. At any rate I knelt down beside her and soothed her as best I knew how, and before many moments the brave little woman had regained composure sufficient to tell her story.

"I have been singularly alone all my life," she began. "I have no relatives in the world nearer than consins four degrees removed, and had it not been for Herbert, I mean Mr. Grimshaw, I should scarcely ever have known a tie closer than that of common friendship.

"My parents died before I was five years old, and I was sent over to the south of France to my sole surviving aunt, who had married a Frenchman, and returned with him to his own country. She lived in the sunny vineland, and there, in the companionship of my two cousins of almost the same age, I passed the one idyllic period of my life. Now, as I look back to it, it is all affection, sunshine, music and flowers; for my aunt's family presented a picture of simple domestic happiness, which is more frequently met with in the provinces of France than in any other country. There I lived very contented and light-hearted until verging toward my thirteenth year. My uncle, M. Rossel, belonged to a patrician family, and had taken with him to America years before a young sister, who was described to me as a proud and aristocratic beauty, while her brother, furnishing one of those singular family contrasts, was thoroughly democratic in feeling, and as simple in his habits and light-hearted as a child. In exchange for his American wife, his sister had married a wealthy New York merchant, and settled permanently in the country of her adoption.

"I remember so well that beautiful spring, when I was approaching thirteen, and the vine-dressers songs, and the little shrines of the virgin decked with early May flowers. The New York aunt, Mme. Grimshaw, and her only son Herbert, were coming to visit us, and we all looked forward to the event with impatient delight. Herbert was two years older than I, and I called him cousin, like the others, in heedless child fashion, never remembering that there was no tie of kinship between us.

"I think Mme. Grimshaw must have reached Paris when she heard that the cholera had broken out in the south of France. At any rate there she stopped, and received the news that her brother's entire family had sickened and died. I alone was left, with Elise, the

old family nurse. The grief and dismay of those dreadful days must have stunned my whole being, and for the time impaired my memory. Strive as much as I may, I can recall nothing clearly, only that I lay in the arms of Elise after the funeral, and wept for hours. How many days passed I do not know, but afterwards I learned that the kind old curé of the neighborhood had held a correspondence with Mme. Grimshaw in my behalf, and one day there came a letter addressed to me, couched in cold and formal terms, in which my dear, dead uncle's sister informed me that, being homeless and penniless, she would engage to provide for my education in America, and would allow me to live for a certain number of years in her own family, in case my conduct proved exemplary.

"The hard, unsympathetic letter fell like a stone on the crushed heart of a child. I did not say that I would go and join Mme. Grimshaw in Paris. Elise arranged all that, even to tying on my hat when we got ready to take our places in the dilegence. I cannot tell whether the journey interested me, or what were my impressions of the great city, but every incident of my meeting with Mme. Grimshaw was photographed upon my mind. Her hair was white and arranged in curls, and the contrast to her black eyes and smooth, creamy skin was very striking. She was tall of stature, perfectly erect, a woman to command attention anywhere by her beauty and proud carriage.

"When in my first impulsive burst of grief, and craving for love, I tried to throw myself into Madame Grimshaw's arms, she repulsed me, not rudely, but firmly, and I turned my eyes, blinded by tears, and there stood Herbert, a bright, handsome boy, with the curls clustering round his forehead. He took my hand and pressed it very warmly, and called me cousin Helen, and spoke so kindly I was comforted a little. That night I clung passionately to old Elise, and begged her to take me home, and with a tremulous voice she made me understand that there was no home. Uncle Rossel had died in debt. She, herself, must find a shelter among her own kinspeople.

"So Elise went away, and the next week we sailed for America. Long before I reached New York, I knew that my position with Mme. Grimshaw was that of a menial and dependent.

"Once, when Herbert addressed me as cousin Helen, she said, almost sternly, "'Don't call Helen Willoughby cousin. She is no cousin of yours, and people will be misled.'

"The blood flushed up to Herbert's forehead. I know he was hurt to the quick, and that night when he met me in the garden, he whispered in a tone which he meant should be gay,

"'I shall always call you cousin, Helen, in my thoughts.' I never lost the impression of that exquisite little gleam of consolation.

"You know where Grimshaw place is, and the large old house that faces the square, with its high garden wall, and urns, with century plants growing in them. It was there I lived for many years. I learned my place soon, and never overstepped its bounds. There was some light work of dusting and arranging rooms, which I did each day, and for the rest, I knew that I was to be a governess. Madame sent me to an excellent school, and had me instructed in all useful and ornamental branches. I have never known so kind and deferential a son as Herbert. The fine gold of his nature has always shown clear. He was the only creature, I think, that Madame loved or ever softened to. Her husband was a thorough devotee of business, and he allowed her to go and come in society as she chose. My intercourse with Herbert was not altogether restricted. We studied together, and I taught him French, and for every cold or harsh word his mother gave me, there was a kind word from him.

"So I grew up small, plain repressed, if not shy; and I think it was the year I was seventeen Mr. Grimshaw was brought home one day half paralyzed. He had been so little to his family it did not seem to make much difference, only there was a sick room, and a nurse, in the house, and Mme. Grimshaw appeared to dote on Herbert more than ever.

"A year after that, and before his father died, Herbert came home from college. He was tall and stately, with the finest manners I ever saw. One evening we walked in the garden; it was June, I remember, and the roses were out. I don't know how it happened, but he told me suddenly he loved me; and what could I do? I had loved him always, only I meant to crush it as one crushes a fresh and dewy flower between the leaves of a heavy tome. We were both foolish, fairly intoxicated with joy.

"When we went in it was nearly dark. Madame met us in the hall; I saw she was in a rage.

"'Herbert,' said she, in a scornful tone, 'how can you so far forget yourself as to trifle with that girl?'

"Herbert turned pale at the imputation.

"'I have not trifled with her,' said he proudly, 'I have asked her to be my wife.'

"There was a terrible scene; I cannot describe it. This woman had fed and clothed me for years, however grudgingly, and I could not break her heart, not with that stricken man up above, and Herbert the only prop left. I gave a sacred pledge that I would never marry Herbert so long as she opposed the union, and she knew I would keep my word. Herbert protested with all his strength. I can hear the clear, scornful ring of his voice now, 'It is base and unholy to extort such a promise from her, mother,' he cried, 'but I record a vow that no other woman but Helen Willoughby shall ever be my wife.' The next day I went away and began my life as a teacher. I was eighteen then; I am thirty-eight now. Herbert has been true to his vow and me twenty years. Madame Grimshaw is beside his sick bed to-day. old and tottering on the verge of the grave, and would dispute my right to give him a cup of cold water."

Miss Willoughby's head went down and the sobs came thick.

"O cruel, cruel woman," I cried, "to stand between two hearts for twenty years. O brave little Miss Willoughby, how with such a load of disappointment could you always be so cheerful, so grand?"

"Stop, don't speak of me," said she. "If you only knew him—noble, true, generous soul—and all he has had to bear! I could be happy in a dungeon knowing that he loved me—but if he should die!"

He did not die, and the next summer Miss Willoughby was stopping through her vacation with some friends on the Hudson, when she received one morning a telegram announcing the death of Mme. Grimshaw. Two days after that she was married to Herbert. They went at once to Europe for Mr. Grimshaw's health, and a year and half from that time I heard he had died in Florence. It was only yesterday I met Mrs. Grimshaw at Stewart's in her widow's weeds, but her face looked serene, if not happy. I began to condole with her upon her loss.

"You need not," said she, laying her hand upon me, and looking up with clear eyes. "The happiness of that last year and a half would compensate for centuries of loneliness."

"Where are you living?" I asked wonderingly.

"In the old Grimshaw mansion; I am rich now."

"Are you alone?"

"No, I have turned my house into a home for destitute young girls. I am educating six, and shall take as many more. What I once lived through in that house has, I think, taught me how to make life a little sweeter to them."

It seemed to me Miss Willoughby had learned the lesson of her life well.

WOMAN'S RELATIONSHIP TO WOMAN.—THE LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN.

A popular divine has said that woman's love of man was of nature, but that woman's love of woman was of grace.

Had he discriminated between *women* and *woman* no criticism could have been made upon the truth of his statement.

Women represent the incomplete woman. Given a woman, with the exquisite sensibility, the divine tenderness, the all-pervading sympathy, the wonderous love that make woman *woman*—with all these *left out*—and you have the type of *women*.

The cause of woman's enfranchisement finds its most envenomed and successful opponents among such of this class as are not too indolent to entertain an opinion. With women, men-milliners, men-clerks, men-physicians, are a necessity. They seem incapable of treating a subordinate of their own sex with anything like delicate regard. A vulgar ambition to excel her neighbor in dress, house, equipage, quality of guests, becomes the animating principle of life of this type.

But, it is not the purpose of this article to portray women; it is to give an illustrious example of the friendship that binds the heart of woman to woman; and this tie is not one of "grace," but eminently one of nature.

Eleanor Butler and Sarah Ponsonby, two young Irish women of noble families, living in the latter portion of the last, and the first portion of the present century, became very intimate friends.

The former was of middle height, her face round and fair, features agreeable, eyes animated, figure *embonpont*. Gifted with an excellent memory she could readily draw upon her large fund of historic and traditionary knowledge. Her sanguine temperament gave her a fondness for poetry and romance.

Miss Ponsonby was possessed of a taller and more graceful form than her friend. Her face was oval, complexion clear and pale, features feminine and delicate, and expression thoughtful.

Such opposite temperaments were well calculated to assimilate under the condition of congenial tastes. The ladies determined to pass their lives together, and to this end they sought a rural abode in an obscure region, where they might live together in seclusion; but their relatives discovered their retreat, and forced them back to the world. Not content, the friends made a second elopement, and established themselves in the beautiful vale of Llangollen, Wales. Here they hired a new cottage, which they rented at £100 per year. To this abode were attached two and one-half acres of ground. The cottage had four apartments, which were appropriated as kitchen, dining and sleeping rooms, and library.

The kitchen and its appointments were kept exquisitely neat. The dining-room was lightsome and cheerful, but the library opening out therefrom was somewhat sombre, since its large windows were of painted glass, shedding a dim, religious light through the room. For candles the ladies devised a prismatic lantern, in which were two lamps with reflectors. This was placed in an elliptic arch over the doorway. Opposite, placed in marble niches set in the chimney, were two glen-arum lamps. A large Æolian harp was fixed in one of the windows.

The library consisted of the finest editions, superbly bound, of the best English, French, and Italian authors. Over the wire cases containing the books were hung paintings.

The garden was kept in the most orderly manner. Not a weed was to be seen. The fruits were of the rarest varieties. Miss Seward, to whose description we are indebted, thus writes from her own observation:

"The dairy-house, for one cow, is a model. The white and shining utensils that contain the milk, cream, and butter, are pure as 'snows thrice bolted in the northern blast.' In the midst, a little machine that answers for a churn, enables the ladies to manufacture half a pound of butter for their breakfast. Attached is an apparatus that finishes the process without manual operation."

Miss Seward thus describes the surroundings of the cottage:

"The wavy and shaded gravel walk that encircles the Elysium is enriched with shrubs and flowers. In one part of it we turn upon a small knoll, which overhangs a deep, hollow glen. In its bottom a frothing brook leaps and clamors over rough stones. A large, spreading beech canopies the knoll, and a semi-lunar seat beneath admits four persons. A board nailed to the elm has this inscription, '*O, cara selva! e Fiumicello amato!*' It has a fine effect to enter the little Gothic library as I first entered it. The prismatic lantern, aided by the paler flames of the small lamps opposite, diffused a glowing, glaring light. Through the open windows we had a darkening view of the lawn on which they look. The concave shrubbery of tall cypress, yews, laurels and lilacs; of the woody amphitheatre on the opposite hill, and of the grey, barren mountain that forms the background. The evening star had risen above the mountain, the airy harp loudly rang to the breeze, and completed the magic of the scene."

Miss Hatton, a later writer, who visited Llangollen in 1816, corroborates Miss Seward's testimony. She adds that no man was ever admitted to speak to the ladies unless one of their relations or the gardener, who was a married man and lived out of the house. A faithful servant belonging to one of the ladies' family at the parental mansion, after long searching, succeeded in discovering her mistress' retreat, and devoted herself to the service of the friends throughout the remaining years of her life.

Thus circumstanced, their lives glided on in the serene delights of literature, correspondence, hospitality, and friendship. Attaining, respectively, the ages of ninety and seventy-six, coming to the vale in the bloom of youth never absent thirty-six hours therefrom, they never experienced a touch of ennui, nor one wish to return to the world. Who shall say that their lives were not happier thus passed, than had they chosen the pomp and vanity of a worldly life?

We cannnot better close this sketch than by quoting an account of a visit in 1865, by Rev. W. R. Alger, to the vale of Llangollen:

"It was Saturday afternoon when I arrived at the little Welsh inn. The next morning I found my way to the classic cottage. The fingers of Time had indeed been busy on it. The vestiges of its former glory were still apparent, but the ornaments were crumbled and dim. The prismatic lantern over the door was a mixture of garishness and dust. The bowers were broken, the vines and plants dead, the walks draggled and uneven, the gates rickety, the fences tottering or prostrate. * * * Threading the bowery dell, and following the brook that prattled down the steep slope, I climbed the hill which overhangs the hamlet. The fields were covered with a rich velvety green. Across the narrow glen, on the strange cone of Dinas Bran, frowned threateningly the huge, bare fragments, of an old castle. Beneath my feet the vapors of the morning floated here and there in the sunshine. A hundred smokes curled from the village chimneys, and the tones of the Sabbath-bells were wafted up to me.

"Descending into the village, I went into the church yard, and copied from the triangular tomb in which the ladies of Llangollen sleep, with their favorite servant, amid the magical loveliness of the pastoral scenery, these three inscriptions."

Here follows a poetic epitaph to the faithful servant, Mrs. Mary Carryl, and then the following from the second side of the tablet:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
The Right Honorable
LADY ELEANOR CHARLOTTE BUTLER.
Late of Plas Newydd, in this Parish.
Deceased 2nd June, 1829.
Aged, 90 yrs.

Daughter of the Sixteenth, Sister of the Seventeenth, Earls of Ormonde and Ossory.
Aunt to the late, and to the present, Marquis of Ormonde.
Endeared to her many friends by an almost unequalled Excellence of heart, and by manners worthy of her illustrious birth, the admiration and delight of a very numerous acquaintance; from a brilliant vivacity of mind, undiminished to the latest period of a prolonged existence, her amiable condescension and benevolence secured the grateful
attachment of those by whom they had been so long and so extensively experienced; her various perfections, crowned by the most pious and cheerful submission to the Divine Will, can only be appreciated where,
it is humbly believed,
they are now enjoying their eternal reward; and by her, of whom for more than fifty years, they constituted that happiness which, through our blessed Redeemer, she trusts will be renewed when this tomb shall have closed over its latest tenant.

On the third side:

SARAH PONSONBY,
Departed this life on the 9th of December, 1831.
Aged 76 years.

She did not long survive her companion Lady Eleanor Butler, with whom she had lived in this valley for more than half a century of uninterrupted friendship.
But they shall no more return to their house, neither Shall their place know them any more.

"In that sequestered valley, how quietly, with what a blessed joy and peace their lives kept the even tenor of their way! There they sleep in their grave, in the shadow of the old church, while the little Welsh river runs whispering by."

THE WHITE LADY OF THE WOODS.

There is such a wealth and lavish profusion of beauty about the month of May, in the country, that without entire abandonment to the spell, one is sure to lose some of its evanescent charm. The birds break forth in singing; the orchards are exquisite under a riot of blossoms; the woods are filled with wild flowers; the grass of the fields forms a robe of perfect greenness, spangled with dandelions; the mornings were never so fresh and jocund, the evenings never more glorious in sunset-tints. All these delights exist in spite of the severe disappointments which the American month of May inflicts upon us while sitting comfortably by the fireside, or shivering uncomfortably in cold rooms, where the glow of the grate has expired for the season, or the genial stove has been removed to the garret, we are inclined to think that May only exists in the pages of the old poets, bright with immortal sunshine, and as fragrant with thought as the leaves of volumes between which sweet violets have been pressed. But although the temper of the month is undeniably bad, its outward graces are most perfect. There is such a redundance of loveliness that nature seems engaged in a mad-cap frolic, tossing about buds and blossoms, like a child with wild glee. Nothing evinces this perfect abandon of the flowery month so well as the dogwood tree, which I have named the white lady of the woods.

Stand with me beside such a beautiful vision and look up through its branches at the sky. Scarcely a green leaflet is visible. The gray limbs and branches are smothered in white blossoms—large five-leafed flowers that burst early from the bud, wearing a greenish tinge, until bleached by the chemistry of sun and air, they assume a perfect whiteness.

This exqusite bridal tree of the woods ought to be more frequently transplanted to ornamental grounds and door-yards than has yet become the fashion. It is not ungraceful when out of bloom, the foliage and leaf being pleasant in color and form. The woods abound with young saplings, which are easily transplanted, and for aught we know, it thrives as well in exposed as in sheltered places.

The variety of dogwood which grows in the vicinity of New York is one of the most ornamental of trees, and would be highly prized were it not so common. Just now its white robe flecks the forest all along the banks of the Hudson, flutters out of the evergreens of Westchester and Jersey, and stands amid the deciduous woodlands of Staten Island, as if they were entertaining an angel unawares. There is no outward and visible sign of purity now in nature so lovely as this, and those who have not yet beheld it should pay a visit to the country to see the dogwood before it puts off its robe of heavenly whiteness, and assumes the more sober garb of forest-green.

Burnett's Cologne—The best in America.

Burnett's Cocoaine, the best hair-dressing.

Burnett's Cooking Extracts are the best.

Burnett's Kalliston is the best cosmetic.

Burnett's Asthma remedy—A sure cure.

Notes About Women.

—Lectures on the importance of scientific dress-making are the latest kind.

—Groton, Conn., has a girls' boat club, which is a sensible thing to have.

—Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford is widely known in Washington for benevolence.

—Virginia Castleman Sophia Preston Breckenridge Taylor writes for the *Colored Observer*.

—The reason we don't hear of girls giving the mitten nowadays—they don't learn to knit.

—Miss Vinnie Ream is engaged on a bust of the Rev. Dr. Deems, at her studio, 704 Broadway.

—A New York dressmaker died lately of arsenic poisoning from making up a green tarlatan dress

—In the States of Iowa and Indiana, about two hundred women are working farms on their own account.

—Paris has forty-nine female telegraph-operators, Lyons forty-three, Bordeaux seven, and Marseilles eighteen.

—The women of Massachusetts pay taxes on $132,000,000, nearly one-tenth of all the taxable property of the State.

—A Fifth avenue husband said of his departed wife the other day: "I shall miss her; she was a very expensive woman."

—Alice Cary's serial, "My Second-hand Bracelet," found among her posthumous papers, is being published by *Hearth and Home*.

—Catharine Beecher has started a movement in Hartford, looking to the equal educational advantages of rich and poor, male or female.

—Miss Mary Wattles and Mrs. Helen Comb have formed a copartnership in Kansas, for the practice of law, under the name and style of Wattles & Comb.

—A young lady has just opened a large boot and shoe store in Philadelphia. She has three girl clerks, and they all wear little fancy aprons made of leather.

—Profitable mourning: While settling a woman's estate at Worcester the other day, an item of six dollars was allowed her daughter for attending her funeral.

—Miss Alcott received much pleasant attentions in London. A letter says that she suffers from the chronic complaiut, which she went abroad to get relief from.

—When a Dutch maid servant wishes to go to a dance, and has no swain of her own, she hires a cavalier for the occasion. A beau with an umbrella receives double pay.

—A daughter of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was married in Boston last week to Mr. Turner Sargent. The wedding took place in King's chapel, and a large company was present.

—Senator Pomeroy has agreed to give $10,000 for the establishment of a female professorship of medicine at Howard University, provided that the women will raise $5,000 more.

—The legislators of the new Territory of Columbia are called promptly to face the question of woman suffrage, a bill having already been introduced into the House of Delegates to extend to females the right to vote and hold office.

—Mme. Greata, who is now residing in this city, is spoken of as second only to Le Mareschal, reputed the best pastel painter in the world. Her works can be seen at her studio, 596 Broadway.

—A man and wife, after twenty-six years' separation in Iowa, have just been remarried. It is to be hoped that they have learned sufficient wisdom to make their last state better than their first.

—The Empress Augusta has periodically and mysteriously lost her most valuable jewels for a year past. The thief has just been discovered. It was a little grandchild, who took them for her doll.

—There is something fatal in the atmosphere of Spain. The young Queen has become a very devout Catholic—as devout as the devout Isabel ever was—and has obtained a revocation of the decree confiscating convents.

—William F. Channing, M.D., and his sister, Mrs. Mary Channing Eustis, have given the Public Library of Boston nearly 300 volumes and over 2,000 pamphlets, which belonged to their father, the Rev. William Ellery Channing, D.D.

—Some of the Chicago ladies have organized a new Ladies' College in that city, which they propose to make something exceedingly creditable. Davis Hoag is to be president, and a big celebration on the next 4th of July is to inaugurate the movement.

—Mrs. Mims, Lady Byron's maid, has just died. At the time Mrs. Stowe made her notable attack upon Lady Byron she was the only person who could speak from experience of the early married life of the pair, and this she did, denying many of the alleged facts.

—A writer in *Land and Water* states, on the authority of the celebrated Diana of Poictier's perfumer, that she owed the retention of her charms, when at an advanced age, to the habitual use of rain water, which has, it seems, an extraordinarily salutary action on the skin.

—A Harvard graduate, who is now swinging a sledge-hammer in a mine in Utah, writes home that he believes that the days of Mormonism will be short, and that the Mormon girls particularly are down on polygamy, manifesting a willingness in all cases to marry a Gentile rather than a Mormon.

—The young widow of Gustave Flourens, the French insurgent leader who was killed by the Versailles troops, and the mother of Auguste Vilemot, the celebrated French *feuilletoniste* who committed suicide toward the close of the siege of Paris, are now both inmates of a French lunatic asylum.

—Week before last a building of the North End Mission, in Boston, was dedicated to the work of receiving, sheltering, instructing, and making a home for such female wanderers as are willing to try and live a better life. Lucy Larcom, Mrs. Claflin, and Mrs. Fields are warmly interested in this good work.

—Three little girls who had very carefully buried in a garden in Portsmouth, N. H., the dead body of a pet bird, after consultation, sent one of their number into the house to inquire "if people didn't sing at funerals." On being told that they often did, the messenger ran back, and in a few minutes the three were seen standing hand in hand around the little mound, gravely singing "Shoo, fly, don't bodder me."

—Mrs. Minor has resigned her position as president of the Missouri Woman Suffrage Society, and the association has now become auxiliary to the American Woman Suffrage Society, with Mrs. Beverly Allen for president. Miss Phœbe Couzens and some others, who disapproved of the action of the State Society, withdrew.

—Mrs. Bray, now in her eighty-first year, has nearly completed a Memoir of Joan of Arc. In 1870, she published her "Revolt of the Camisards of the Cevennes," and the year before, her "Life of the Good St. Louis," exhibiting in both these works a freshness of mind and a power of research rarely met with at so advanced an age.

—Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony are soon to start on their overland trip to California, speaking all along the line. Let the Western people wake up in time to the opportunities which are in store for them of listening to these world-famous advocates of the rights of woman, and send in their application to Miss Susan B. Anthony, Rochester, New York.

—In Oswego county, New York, the ladies of a village have met and resolved that they "will not accept the company of any young man who uses tobacco in any form, unless the night is very dark and the road muddy, for the space of sixty days from date." We are inclined to think that the exceptions included in the above were the work of a wicked editor.

—The New York *Independent* condenses its woman's rights creed into the following article:

Because it will elevate politics; because it will elevate women; because women need it; because the country needs it, and because it is in accordance with the American idea, we are in favor of the franchise for women.

—A San Francisco telegram announces that sentence on Mrs. Fair has been postponed until Thursday, to give time to the prosecution to file counter-affidavits in answer to those of the defence, seeking to impeach Beach, one of the jurors. A strong effort is making to obtain a new trial. It will not be possible to obtain another jury here in case the effort is successful.

—A servant girl who had just been admonished by her mistress to be very careful in "washing up" the best tea things, was overheard, shortly afterward, in the back kitchen, indulging in the following soliloquy, while in the act of wiping the sugar basin: "If I was to drop this 'ere basin, and was to catch it, I s'pose I shouldn't catch it; but if I was to drop it, and wasn't to catch it, I reckon I just should catch it."

—Professor T. C. Abbott, President of the Michigan Agricultural College, made the fol lowing valuable remarks in the course of a recent address:

"Women are frequently left in circumstances where they would highly prize some knowledge of agriculture. The applications of chemistry to woman's work are so many that a half year's course of daily lectures would not be too long a one. Among these applications are cooking, preserving of fruits, utilization of material usually wasted, cleansing by acids and soaps, bleaching, manufacture of soaps of different kinds, disinfection, fermentation, and neutalization of poisons. Women are turning their attention more and more to studies such as are taught here. Some would like the out-of-door labor, some the aid which the compensation for their labor would afford them in acquiring an education; and it is to be regretted that they cannot avail themselves of the same privilege here that is offered the young men."

—The women of Cincinnati are talking of getting up a petition to the city authorities, praying that since profligate women must be registered according to law, that profligate men be forced to make the same public confession of their habits.

—The Vienna Common Council has decided to have gymnastic exercises introduced into the female department of the public schools as a necessary branch of education. Ladies are now being drilled with a view to their becoming teachers of gymnastics.

—One of Miss Ream's works in marble, now on exhibition at 704 Broadway, is thus described in the columns of a daily paper:

Certainly the most original piece of work is the "Spirit of the Carnival," typical of the carnival at Rome. The "spirit" is a young girl about to waft a wreath toward some one in the merry crowd below. Strange as it may seem, this subject has never hitherto been expressed in sculpture, and Miss Ream has betrayed as much power in working a fresh field as quickness in seizing upon it when once her discrimination had informed her of its capabilities.

—"Why do you oppose the giving of the ballot to women?" asked a lady the other evening of a confirmed bachelor. "Excuse me, madam," replied he, "but I have not sufficient confidence in their capacity to conduct government affairs." "What evidence of their mental inferiority to mankind can you advance?" queried the lady. "A simple fact is enough to satisfy my mind, and that is the frightful way in which they do up their back hair."

—The *Independent* says that several of the clerical brethren who spoke recently at the conference in Brooklyn confessed to having strong prejudices against the practice of allowing women to speak in meeting, but owned that these prejudices had always yielded when the experiment was fairly tried. The writer adds, very justly, "That a prejudice which dissolves in tears at sound of a woman's voice in prayer is hardly worth cultivating."

—Heinrich Heine, the German poet, once remarked, appropos of two ladies: "I must observe that the persons of whom I speak, though not clad in satin, by no means belonged to the vulgar, who, by the way, are not to be found at all in Berlin, save in the highest circles." The latter half of this remark, it is thought, is somewhat applicable to American society. It is only in our highest circles that we find fully developed "snobbery," or contempt of labor and the laborer.

—Bishop Littlejohn and other eminent divines of the Episcopal Church are in favor of establishing sisterhoods and the order of deaconess in the religious body which they represent. Protestantism discarded one of the very best features of the Roman Catholic Church when it refused the aid of woman in those offices for which she is peculiarly fitted: that of visiting the sick, ministering in spiritual things to the unfortunate and the dying, and attending to all those social duties connected with the church, which the pastor, single-handed, was once expected to perform. The reason why church charities and works of mercy have in so many cases proved abortive is because tender, large-souled, devout women have been debarred from the ministrations which nature designed them to perform. Our churches show to-day no mark of vitality so strong as the recognition they are slowly according religious teachers and helpers among women.

—In Wisconsin, on Wednesday last, a girl of fourteen years was married to a man aged forty. What is singular about the matter is that the girl is rich, and the husband is not worth one cent.

The most singular thing connected with the above, in our mind, is that the parents or guardians of the girl should allow such a proceeding. Cases of this kind, constantly getting chronicled in the newspapers, show how much a law is needed in all the States to prevent young people of both sexes from marrying before they attain their majority.

—We learn, by an English paper, that the three highest prizes at the International Fan Competition were won by the Princess Louise and the Misses Henrietta and Hilda Montalba. A parasol exhibition will probably be next in order; perhaps, in fact, the mania may extend to entire wardrobes, so that if a lady has more costumes than she can reasonably wear on her own person, all she will have to do for the benefit of society will be to send them to an exhibition on lay figures. We do not charge anything for this suggestion.

—We clip the following sad announcement from the *Tribune* of May 30th: "On Wednesday, May 17, Miss Kate Field and mother sailed for England in the Russia, being both apparently in as good health as usual. A cable dispatch announces the death of Mrs Field on shipboard at Queenstown, on the 26th. In this sudden and crushing sorrow befalling her on the moment of her arrival in a foreign land, Miss Field will have the most sincere sympathies of hosts of friends on this side the Atlantic."

—The New England Woman Suffrage Convention was held, according to announcement, in Tremont Temple, Boston, on the evening of the 29th of May. Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker and Julia Ward Howe were among the speakers. Grace Greenwood announced her platform by saying that she was willing that but three classes of women should be allowed to vote, single women who had property, married women who had minds, and such others as might desire the ballot. A gold watch, a clothes-wringer, and a sewing-machine should be the property qualification, and the ability to support their husbands well, and the faculty of keeping a good boarding-house should not be overlooked in the requirements of the Government examiners. Several other addresses were delivered, when the meeting adjourned.

—Our attention has been called to a letter from a "leading woman suffrage advocate," which appeared in the *Tribune* on the 26th of May. This lady, who signs herself "An Observer," criticizes a recent article in the journal in which her communication was printed, which declared that the Apollo Hall Convention refused to accept the opportunity to express disapprobation of the Free-Love doctrines of *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*, by stating that the Convention adopted Mrs. Paulina Wright Davis' resolutions, thereby giving the most unequivocal sanction to the doctrines above named. This is a mistake. The resolutions were *read* but *not* adopted. We cannot testify to the fact from our own knowledge, but have it from Miss Anthony who was presiding at the time the resolutions were brought forward. This fact ought, in all fairness, to be stated where contrary assertions have been made, to free those women, named in the letter of "An Observer," and others from all responsibility regarding the sentiments which the resolutions referred to embodied.

—A story is told of a young couple in Hartford who wanted to hear Dickens read. They could hardly afford it, but screwed up their extravagance to the necessary pitch. As they had concluded to invest, they bethought themselves of a poorer family near by who were suffering from lack of work. So they gave up Dickens, and paid the price of two tickets to their impoverished neighbors. The poor people took the money, bought tickets with it, and attended the readings.

—Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony have arranged their Western programme as follows: Mrs. Stanton will speak at Jefferson, Ohio, June 2d, at Ashtabula June 5th, at Painesville June 6th. Miss Anthony will speak June 2d, at Brookville, Pa.; June 5th, Zenia, Ohio; June 9th, Des Moines, Iowa; 12th, Omaha, Nebraska; 13th, Council Bluffs, Iowa; 14th, Sioux City; 15th, Fort Dodge; 16th, Cherokee; 21st, Cheyenne; 23d, Denver City; 25th, Greeley; 28th, Ogden; 29th, Salt Lake City, Utah; July 4th, San Francisco.

—Europeans have always supposed that by the act of suttee Hindoo wives proclaimed their undying attachment to their husbands, but recent investigations trace the custom to a very different origin. The Brahmins themselves, it seems, invented the law as a means of self-protection against their wives, who were in the habit of avenging themselves for neglect and cruelty on the part of their husbands by mixing poison with their food. Although the practice of suttee is dying out in India, the wife cannot escape the consequences of her husband's death. His relations degrade her, and put her to the most menial services.

—We very willingly, this week, give place to an explanation from Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, and regret that we misinterpreted her words; for we are ready to confess that they presented themselves to our understanding in an offensive rather than a defensive light. It did not occur to us that any woman could incur personal danger by offering her ballot at election on the authority of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution. This has been done recently by women in several parts of the country, and although their votes have, in a majority of cases, been refused, they have been uniformly treated with respect and civility. We hope if the election inspectors of Bridgeport are bigoted enough to deny Mrs. Middlebrook's right to deposit a ballot, they will furnish no exception to the rule of courtesy above mentioned.

—The Chicago *Tribune* thinks it would be a curious problem for a woman to find out from mankind what is really expected of her. Man adores helplessness, and says it ruins him. He talks about economy, and raves over spendthrifts. He decries frivolity, and runs away from brains. He pines after his grandmother, who could make pies, and falls in love with white hands that can't. He moans over weakness, and ridicules strength. He condemns fashion theoretically, and the lack of it practically. He longs for sensible women, and passes them by on the other side. He worships saints, and sends them to convents. He despises pink and white women, and marries them if he can. He abuses silks and laces, and takes them into his heart. He glorifies spirit and independence, and gives a cruel thrust at the little vines that want to be oaks. What would the critical lords desire?

Our Mail Bag.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN WYOMING TERRITORY.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

In the *Independent* of May 11th, in an article entitled, "Fact and Conjecture," Gail Hamilton says, "The character and effect of participation in politics by women are not wholly matters of conjecture; but," from her vantage-ground, "she cannot discern the introduction by them of a single improvement or sign of improvement in political thought or action. And that women, so far as they are already in politics, are doing right over again, and often with fatal facility, the very things which have been done by men, and which ought never to be done at all."

I should have been disheartened, perhaps, upon reading that, and more of the same sort if I had not happened to have "two swallows," at least, to my "summer." Providence, I believe, always gives the faithful a crumb of comfort.

From a friend in Wyoming, last summer, who served on that first woman jury, I received a letter stating that the women, as a rule, voted for men of principle rather than of party, and thus the election was a triumph for the right.

So, to-day, upon receiving the *Independent*, I turned to that fascinating Gail, (with whom, nevertheless, I am getting out of all manner of patience,) and after reading "Fact and Conjecture," before looking at a single article more, I must needs leave my comfortable sofa (whither I had resorted to rest, and read and feast,) and must go and ransack my port-folio and hunt up my last letter from the woman juror of Wyoming. She says in a date of April 11th, in regard to the second election in that territory: "The woman's rights question stands differently here from the way in which it is generally considered. To us it was not might we vote, but ought we, or ought we not, when the responsibility was already resting upon us to use our power to help sober men to get responsible situations, and to keep unprincipled, intemperate men out of such positions. Many women here said they were not going to vote—did not intend to. Others thought it did not concern them, and said nothing about it. But on the eve of the election, a man who was running for delegate to Congress, visited this place and other places in this territory, and made whiskey flow like water, and filled the streets with drunken men. He is a man without principle, a gambler and sportsman, and withal a resident of Colorado territory. Now Colorado wants a slice from Wyoming, a slice from the northern part, which will take in the great Union Pacific Railroad, and all the cultivated part of Wyoming. To select a delegate from Colorado to send to Congress would have been a very good way to to help them to what they wanted. This was one thing which put the women in arms. A drunken Catholic was also running for Sheriff. He went around with the priest, and instructed all the Catholic women to vote for him.

Then, women who were not Catholics, and who were advocates of temperance, felt themselves again called to battle

> 'For the cause that needs assistance,
> For the wrongs that need resistance,
> For the future in the distance,
> And the good that they could do.'

Consequently, almost every woman in town voted. Two or three did not, but they were women who liked to have men go and coax them, and need a pretense of modesty because they lack the true article. Sensible women made up their minds for whom they would vote, and went and voted without waiting to be coaxed.

In regard to the last term of court, it certainly was a terror to evil-doers. Criminals were so afraid of women jurors—so afraid of getting their deserts (right here I can say the innocent are just as anxious to have them,) that two men asked to be tried by the court instead of the jury. But our judge is somewhat like his lady jurors; he believes it just as much a duty to punish criminals to protect society, as to see that the innocent are held guiltless. I think the position of juror a responsible one, but generally it is not hard to see what one ought to do. The lawyers who are defending bad men make a great many excuses to challenge women off the juries; but the judge finally determined to stop it, as so much challenging consumed time, made costs, etc." If this is *but* the dawn, how great shall be the evening light?

Truly yours, LEWISE.

A CRITICISM ON THE CONVENTIONS.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

May a sincere friend of woman suffrage, who is not a member of either of the two parties into which the advocates of the movement are divided, say a few words regarding the two conventions held in New York last week? The American Woman Suffrage Convention, holding its sessions at Steinway Hall, was largely attended by intelligent and cultivated people, and I was glad to see many representatives also of the fashionable and wealthy classes among the audience.

The speeches were all excellent, Mrs. Livermore's argument on Wednesday afternoon being especially able. I rejoiced that a resolution was passed repudiating all connection with the advocates of Free-Love. We cannot too often or too decidedly disavow the horrible imputations of looseness in morals which, unjust as they are, have done more than anything else to injure the progress of our cause.

The convention called by Mrs. Hooker, and holding its sessions at Apollo Hall on Thursday and Friday, was well attended, but the audiences hardly equaled in general characteristics the audiences at Steinway; while a certain set of people residing here, and obtruding themselves upon all reform movements in hopes of obtaining a brief notoriety, was unusually conspicuous. Of the speeches less can be said in general praise than I could wish. Mrs. Stanton's lecture on the True Republic was a grand and noble utterance, but the "free platform" views of some of the leaders permitted speeches from some bores and some persons who are likely to injure rather than advance the cause.

It seems to me, if I may be permitted a word of criticism, that we women should endeavor to carry on our cause as well as men carry on their reforms. A body of men wishing to hold a public convention to further some great end would certainly select men of high moral worth and business probity, as well as intellectual ability, to sustain them. A man who advocated free love views, would hardly be accorded the position of leader by any wise workers. And so by us women; good judgment should certainly be exercised in the selection of our champions. After Mrs. Woodhull's undoubted services at Washington last winter it was due to her to permit her a hearing from one or the other of the woman suffrage platforms; but, considering the character of her paper, it was scarcely well-advised to put her forth as the prominent speaker of nearly every session. For myself, I could not accept her as chief over Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth C. Stanton and Susan B. Anthony.

A LOOKER ON.

DOMESTIC MANIAS.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

Among the well selected facetiæ of the New York *Tribune* we find the following: "One unfortunate woman in Connecticut was so busy with her house-cleaning that she could not attend her father's funeral." Then follows a groan over the manly sufferings during that period of annual renovation.

Could the writer turn aside from his humorous proclivities for a moment, and drop the role of laughing philosopher, we might endeavor to make clear to his mind that this morbid domesticity which, to him, appears so ludicrous, is but a natural outgrowth of woman's restricted sphere. Hearth and home for women, and hearth and home alone, has been the cry so long, that no wonder in some yielding minds it becomes the one idea to the exclusion of all others.

In some remote district, where the influence of the woman movement is still unfelt, a slave to her sire until she is a wife, and then a slave all the rest of her life, perhaps this poor woman, with the self-abnegation which is held to be the crowning virtue of her sex, had let go all hold on individual life, knowing herself no longer as daughter, sister, citizen, or friend, only as a home-keeper; thus, in reality, a monomaniac from this disastrous teaching.

These people of one idea are never wholesome—never to be desired in social or domestic life. The best, truest homekeeper, is the woman who, with broad enlightened views, and knowledge of the world, sees the true needs of the household with sagacious eye, and subordinates those departments whose prominence would interfere with family comfort. The goodly vine sending forth root and branch freely in all directions, unrestricted, gaining vigor from the richness nature hides in her bosom, life and health from God's free sunlight, always gathering and always giving of her abundance. So to those who still maintain that to woman is home sphere alone, we can hardly accord our sympathy, when the morbid outgrowth of the idea renders them victims to the house-cleaning mania.

Truly yours, C. C. H.

EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE.—A DEFENCE.

BRIDGEPORT, CT., May 22nd, 1871.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

None of us like to be misrepresented, and least of all by those who profess the same principles and are workers in the same cause.

In looking over the columns of the New York papers containing a report of the proceedings of the late Convention, held at Apol-

lo Hall, I find myself nowhere so grossly misrepresented as in the editorial columns of your issue of May 18th.

It seems to me it is quite bad enou·h to endure the garbled reports generally given of the speeches made at such a meeting, without having to submit to absolute falsehood; and did I not suppose that either you did not hear my speech, or hearing, did not pay close attention, and, therefore, based your carping criticism, (which was as unjust as ungenerous), upon the false statement of some one else, I should not ask for this opportunity to defend myself.

From the tone of your editorial, the public has reason to imagine that I am a sort of piratical leader of some Ku-klux organization, and that the lives of election officers will be endangered by myself and clique.

Notwithstanding this insinuation, I am too well known in different parts of the country for this to be believed.

I am willing to bear all reasonable abuse for the sake of this cause that lies near to my heart; but I must ask you to do me the justice of giving this correct statement of my words from my own pen.

After relating the history of my attempt to vote on the first Monday in April, I urged every woman who felt that under the fourteenth article of amendment, she was entitled to the elective franchise, to go forward upon every day of election in her respective town, and insist upon the lawful prerogative of citizenship, and added, "*I intend to go and make the attempt to vote every time, even if I am forced to take a revolver in my hand, and an officer of the law at my side, for my protection.*"

These were my precise words. I was careful in saying this, lest some prejudiced persons might misinterpret me; and I find that the New York reporters love the sensational much better than they love the truth.

I did *not* say I should *cast* my vote by the aid of a revolver, or that I should march to the polls with a revolver in one hand and a ballot in the other; but I did say I should go and attempt to vote, even if I was obliged to resort to the means of protecting myself from violence.

I presume the public can see the difference between threats of assault and self-defence.

I am very much in earnest in this matter, and have studied thoroughly the legal aspects of the case, and I firmly believe that as a citizen I am entitled to the ballot; and I shall take every just and proper means to obtain this right which I am now robbed of.

Truly yours, ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK.

A CRITICISM.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

"What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

If written, "What God hath joined together man cannot put asunder," would be a truer version, and a more appropriate motto for THE REVOLUTION. As it reads, it is hardly in keeping with the whole tenor of the paper. As we view it, God has very little to do with the *marriage de convenance*, now the prevailing mode, but where we find those who are truly joined together by God, consequently by nature, we think *man* would have some difficulty in putting asunder.

Here is where the trouble lies: marriage man-made, by man can be broken. Were there *none such*, divorce would never be heard of, or the necessity for its existence be felt.

Truly yours,
ONE WHO DARES TO THINK UPON ALL SUBJECTS, AND PATRONIZES A LIBERAL PAPER.

THE POSITION OF WOMEN.

BY MRS. SIDNEY H'CREERY.

It has always been allowed that "experience is the best teacher," and we can prove that woman, as she is placed under existing laws, is a slave. She is living under arbitrary government, with little experience as a teacher. We do not affirm it is so experimentally, in every instance; neither was it so in the case of the colored slave. When thrown into the ownership of the kind-hearted and humane he did not suffer bodily torture, and it may be his bodily wants were supplied; yet, nevertheless, he was a slave, deprived of liberty as a citizen, and he had no right to exercise the powers of mind divinely given him, and as far as intellect was concerned, was placed on a par with the brute creation. If we carefully analyzed the position of American women we would be surprised to find the analogy so complete between the two species of slavery. In looking back upon the suffering and degradation brought upon the poor colored slave, while *legally* bound in his chains, we are amazed and lost in astonishment that this enlightened Republic should have tolerated such barbarism for years. But whoever lives to see woman freed, and given her rights as an American citizen, will be much more astonished at the stupidity of the nation.

Such is the tendency of custom and habit to blindfold the people, that it takes "line upon line, and precept upon precept," to move them in the slightest degree toward a reform on any subject whatever. It is not for want of conviction that woman, to-day, is in her helpless condition; it is because she sees no way out of this long-lived custom only through sneers, ridicule, and ignominy, which she feels unable to face; for her past teaching has been, that *submission* is one of the *amiable qualities* of a *refined* woman; hence, to assert her rights, to advise or act by ballot in national matters, would be to unfit herself for all the *domestic* and *family* duties of life, when, in fact, she is not fully prepared for either until she is acquainted and well versed in the legal enactments of the State in which she resides; and, furthermore, she should be able (if a mother,) to teach her sons and daughters concerning the government of the United States, to point out errors, and to suggest amendments where necessary. Indeed, every family should be a Lyceum.

We have what is called a "finished education" for our sons and daughters, but in many cases it amounts to little more than a farce. The daughter learns to thrum the piano, and a little smattering of French, and her education is *completed*, when in reality she is totally unprepared for the cares and trials incident to life. We need not wonder, then, that at the first blast she meets, she withers and fades as the blighted rose.

There is a defect, and a sad defect, too, in the education of the youth of our land. If the Southern slaves had been rightly educated no chains could have been forged strong enough to have held them in bondage for centuries, and this forward movement which is now going on among us is owing to extended advantages given to females in our high schools. Not many years ago it would have been unfeminine and coarse, not to say vulgar, for a female to be taught in higher mathematics, the art and science of navigation, etc. It would not have been tolerated for a moment that a female should acquaint herself with the study of medicine or law; but as she has *perseveringly* pushed her way through all these obstacles and mastered these sciences, men have become compelled to give her a position becoming her qualifications. And thus we must persevere and labor on if we would see woman placed in her proper position as an American citizen, with all her rights of citizenship granted. Let us keep the ball rolling.

EXTRACT FROM MRS. STANTON'S SPEECH AT THE APOLLO HALL CONVENTION.

"New York has already begun many reforms in this direction, which I will not stop here to rehearse. Among many other things under our Constitution as it now stands, it is provided that no State debt can be created by the Legislature, unless the law creating it and specifying the taxes necessary to liquidate it is first submitted to the people, and ratified by them at an election called for that purpose. These provisions embody the principle of the *Referendum*, and I see no reason why it may not be adopted by the State and Federal Governments—submitting all important measures to the people, such as taxes, tariffs, public debts, banking, gifts of lands to railways, annexations of territory, and declarations of war. Another method of increasing the power of the people is to enable them to elect by direct vote a larger number of the public officers. The President should be chosen by popular suffrage, and not by the present cumbersome mode of the Electoral College. The office of Vice-President, a useless public functionary, and often a very inconvenient one to manage, should be abolished, and the President chosen for one term only. Senators in Congress should be chosen by the people, directly, not by the legislators of the several States. By abolishing caucuses and encouraging self-nominations, and reviving the old plan of making popular requisitions upon distinguished citizens to stand as candidates, and then by compelling all aspirants to office to face one another in open debate on the rostrum, in the presence of the people whose suffrages they seek, mediocrity would soon shrink away, ignorance speedily drop to its level, and corruption shrink before its own exposure, while the States would secure lofty talents, rare attainments, and spotless integrity in its chosen rulers."

MRS. HALLOCK'S SPEECH AT APOLLO HALL.

"We women are going to have upon us a burden of a fearful character—Mackerelville on one side and Mercer street upon the other. Are we prepared for these great questions? They are outside of rhetoric, and even of religion. It takes something besides charity to bear what we shall have to bear. It will take the strongest woman to cope with it. We shall want muscle and brain and nerve. I believe many of our best and strongest women will go down to their graves in this struggle. So fearful is the state of things in the city of New York, that it is no safer for our sons to go abroad at night than it is for our daughters. What does that mean? And how much longer are we to sit down contented, with such a state of things around us. Our children cannot take up a newspaper without finding matter that should make them blush. They are assailed on every side by allusions to delicate matters which are unfitted for public, and some of them even for private conversation. Now we women talk these questions over by ourselves, and you men must talk them over by yourselves; and we must devise plans of meeting these frightful evils. We must divest ourselves of too much modesty in these cases, and do our best for the love of humanity. We must go into the slums and outskirts, and make determined efforts to save the fallen and the wretched.

—The Queen of Holland washes her own china.

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All Persons are invited to send to this journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning woman's education, employments, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general welfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamps. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 3091, New York City. Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, JUNE 1, 1871.

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"		" "	$4,	Representative Women, being the portrait of seven ladies identified with the women's movement.
"	2	" "	$4,	silver plated Butter-Knife.

We propose to extend our list by adding such valuable premiums as are especially calculated to meet the wants of women.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum, in advance. Single copies, five cents.

THE WOMAN QUESTION IN ITALY—AND ITS MOST ARDENT ADVOCATE.

VENICE, ITALY, May 11, 1871.

The project of the emancipation of woman in Italy originated in a political prison, and was closely allied to the effort for national regeneration. The man who first conceived this idea and proclaimed it in the famous work, "La Donna e La Scienza," was Salvator Morelli, then a political prisoner in Naples, but now a member of the Italian Parliament, from that same district.

Scarcely had Morelli's book, "Woman and Science," appeared, when Mazzini, in a flattering letter to its author, called it the "first and most powerful cry of regeneration." Many women of the southern provinces attempted to take part in the Neopolition plebiscite by addressing petitions to the government, in which they expressed their wishes, since the laws did not permit them to put their votes in the ballot-box.

Any one who read the journals of that epoch, and especially the "*People of Italy*" will see how deeply the Italian women felt the words of their countryman, Morelli, and with how many patriotic manifestations they showed their desire to acquire their just rights.

The prejudices and fears of the clergy succeeded for a while in repressing this movement among the women, but after a time, small circles which had existed in isolated groups formed themselves into one large association, and it was found that the cause had gained instead of losing ground.

At this juncture, Morelli presented in the Italian Parliament, as his first legislative act, a draught of a law, which, recognizing the equality of men and women, conceded to the latter all the rights enjoyed by any Italian citizen.

General Garibaldi was much interested in this movement, and when he saw that Morelli's project was defeated by a majority of the members of the Parliament, with that nobility of mind which has made him so great, he wrote in favor of the law, and published a manifesto to the women, the youth, and the journalists of Italy, in which he sustained and defended the scheme as the true basis of the civilization and the liberty of the human race.

To this appeal Julia Caracuiolo, niece of the celebrated admiral and Neapolitan martyr, Francesco Caracuiolo, whom the Bourbon tyrant hung at the yard arm of the ship which he commanded, at once responded by raising a large committee in the country of Vesuvius, which was not only the centre and inspiration of all other committees for the right of women formed in every part of Italy, but which was also the means of arming and equipping many companies of volunteer soldiers who were sent to Mentona under the name of the "Caracuiolo Legions," and who fought bravely there against the papacy, that greatest obstacle to the moral and civil advancement of women.

At this same time this committee presented Morelli with a handsome portrait richly framed in gold, and having this inscription, "To the deputy, the emancipator of Italian women, from the grateful Neapolitanese."

The practical results of the indefatigable efforts of Morelli to procure the complete civil equality of women may be seen already in improved legislation, in the freer admission of the sex into elementary teaching, in the frequent reunions for public instruction, in the discussions in the journals of the arguments for and against the question, in the late exhibition of woman's work in Florence, and in the greater respect and freedom which all Italian women now enjoy.

Two distinguished Milanese ladies, Miss Anna Maria Mazzoni and Miss Antonietta Toriani, both friends of Morelli, and very clever women, have began to give public lectures, and are introducing the American custom in the most populous cities of Italy.

The ladies Strozzi, Peruzzi, Leontin, Giarra, Pierantonini, Cimino, Fara Fusniato, Antona Traversi, Milli, Montegazzi, Majespina, Serafini, Ferrario, Benari, Colcogni, and many others, are interested and occupied in the instruction and in the work of women; but as to the work of women, the late exhibition developed the fact that it was far from contributing as yet, its just proportion to the industrial resources of Italy. The persistent efforts of Morelli have obtained the consent of the Parliament and government to the admission of women into the higher schools and universities, and in that of Naples alone there are at present 120 women pupils who are studying chemistry and medicine, and fitting themselves for scientific and other professions. Morelli has also obtained the admission of woman to the electoral administrative vote, and has proposed to abolish legalizied prostitution.

If his last project of a law, presented to Parliament should be adopted, that of forming a gratuitous and compulsory "Civil Maternal School" in the proportion of one to every 200 inhabitants, the result will be that in ten years the women of Italy will be the educators of the Italian people, and will thus be prepared to lead their country to a third epoch of civilzation which shall make her once more the mother of the nations.

To Salvatore Morelli, the friend and co-laborer of Garibaldi, Mazzini, Victor Hugo, Stuart Mill, a man who has suffered and still suffers for the cause of liberty, the women of all nations owe a debt of gratitude; and they will be glad to know that his biography and portrait are about to be published so that they will have an opportunity to know what manner of man the Italian apostle of woman's rights may be, not only in the spirit but in the flesh.

A SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT.

The adoption of a new line of attack through the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution, is likely, in its immediate operations, to make imperative demands upon the attention of those very men who most strongly desire to ignore the whole subject. Some women have actually got into politics, and what some have done, others will strive to do, and what has already gone before will enable us to make a more or less accurate guess in regard to what will come after.

The fact that two women have registered their names, and voted in the State of Michigan, and the election has not been contested on that account, certainly establishes a precedent of great value, and gives the women of Michigan a most important foothold for future action.

Again, that fifteen women voted in the village of Newport, Herkimer county, in this State, only the other day, thereby defeating the party of the rum-sellers, and turning the scale in favor of temperance, is another cloud no bigger than a man's hand, showing that women, next year, are likely to vote in many places where the men are sufficiently liberal and enlightened to construe the laws in their favor.

We see women partially armed and equipped with the ballot already. Every successful effort which they make to vote, and where the election remains uncontested, encourages and inspirits those who are bold enough to claim their rights. A disputed election, or a Congressional seat gained by the help of women's votes, and contested on that ground, will only add fuel to the flame, and rivet public attention the more firmly on the whole subject of woman's rights.

We believe the attack through the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution to be the best fighting measure that could have been adopted. When enough women get possession of the ballot through the

gate these amendments have left ajar, to force Congress to an adjustment of the whole question by the only just and permanent measure, a sixteenth amendment to the Constitution, then the women of the country can stop besieging the side-door through which some of them have slipped their ballots, and walk proudly in at their own grand portal.

The fourteenth and fifteenth amendments can drive the nail for us, but a sixteenth amendment must clinch it. We want our right to vote through all the future as firmly based as the negro's right, and although those women at Washington, who have carried the case into the courts, should get a decision of the Supreme Court in their favor, glad as we should be, it would not satisfy us, nor would it be a final adjustment of the question. We cannot afford to have our right rest on a reversible decision. We want it recognized as a part of the Constitution, to stand as long as our government endures.

It is most fortunate that there can be and is the widest and most honest difference of opinion in regard to the rights which the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments confer, and women ought to make a benefit of the doubt and push their claims wherever an opportunity offers. We are rejoiced to see women voting and attempting to vote, for by these means they are converting theory into fact; but we still believe the true value of existing amendments will only be realized when they are seen, as the most powerful engine in securing a sixteenth.

We look upon the benefits conferred by the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments as belonging to an unsettled state of the whole subject, but when the day of settlement arrives as it surely will, either a declaratory law will be passed, proclaiming that women have a right to vote under the Constitution, as it is, or another amendment must be added thereto. It remains yet to be decided which is the easier and more feasible method. As we have said before, if the necessity of adding another article to the Constitution could be avoided we should heartily rejoice; but, although the effort to obtain a declaratory act may seem the simpler mode of going to work, it will have two distinct species of opposition to encounter—opposition to allowing women to vote at all, and opposition to such an interpretation of existing amendments as shall say that the right is already conferred upon them. The claim for a sixteenth amendment is unequivocal and direct. We therefore make it, although we heartily rejoice in the good which has been done and will be done the cause through a favorable interpretation of existing amendments.

INTOLERANCE.

Every Saturday has recently been lecturing women on the intolerance they manifest towards their own sex, contrasting this spirit of prejudice with the mental habits of men, "who can object to what is objectionable in an individual," says the writer, "and still preserve some good will, or respect, or even admiration, for the individual considered in the totality of his character, while women," he states, "vividly see, and intensely feel, the particular defect, and are generally relentless in identifying it with the whole personality they condemn."

Let us grant that there is a strong coloring of truth in these assertions. In the first place, the intuitions of women in regard to character are much keener than those of men. A good deal of the charity of which men boast is little else than bluntness of perception. This may not be a misfortune, but a positive advantage; still it is the fact.

In the second place, a large share of the tolerance of man towards man is the result of business intercourse. Affairs create a sort of neutral ground, outside of personal antipathies or attractions, where men can meet, mingle, and hold converse for years, without allowing love or hate to come in to any great extent as disturbing elements, thus producing a superficial harmony and order, which, for the best of reasons, have not been attained by women.

Our philosopher of *Every Saturday* says, on this head, that "man soon finds that he must, as citizen, workman, merchant, or thinker, compromise with his opponents. Men quickly learn that they have no choice between killing each other, or having some toleration for each other. From this knowledge proceeds most of the customs, usages, and laws, which we call civilization. The caprices of individuality are checked and limited by the constant collision of individualities."

Thus it is plain that men have had all the advantages of organization and circumstance to *help* them to the exercise of tolerance toward their fellow men, while women, with their perceptive faculties much more alert, and an almost unconscious aptitude for analysing character which few men possess, are less likely to be controlled in their opinions by the powerful checks of policy and self-interest.

When women participate more in the business of the world, as they must in years to come, the sharp angularities of prejudice will be rubbed off, the harsh judgments will be filed down, the unreasonable blindness of devotion will find a limit. This is a part of the discipline of the sex sure to come with woman's participation in affairs.

We do not perceive that this much-boasted, easy tolerance of men brings a deep and tender charity of spirit. We find that men too frequently distrust men when you come at their real opinions of each other—in a way which is much sadder than the unreasonableness of woman's likes, or the virulence of her dislikes. We cannot perceive that this tolerance of the market-place, the stock exchange, the bank, and the counting-house, leads them to "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly" as they should do. It is tolerance of soul which both men and women need; the ethics of the purest Christianity brought into life and conversation.

MRS. HOWE BEFORE THE REFORM LEAGUE.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe recently delivered her lecture on "Childhood," before the Reform League of this city, at Chickering Hall, from which we take occasion to select a few gems, regretting that our limited space prohibits us from printing the entire essay:

NEGLECTED CHILDREN.

Mr. Curtis once got some ill-will by a portrait, too easily recognized, of a woman of fashion at the German—the father sitting in the cloak-room, and thinking anxiously about the young babe whom the mother had forgotten. I would not be spiteful or sentimental over such an occurrence. Many of us have, willingly or unwillingly, kept such august visitors waiting. But to-day, if I were the angel of Reminder, commissioned to call the truant mothers from the ball-room, I could say, from the experience of a whole life, Do you know that you have this lovely guest only to-day? To-morrow he will be other, and other the next day. His life has but one sweet dawn—one short spring-time. Oh! make haste to use and enjoy what passes rapidly and does not leave its peer. Very irrational and unæsthetic is the leaving of children to the companionship of servants. Do you hire a man to drink your finest wine, a woman to wear your best silks and jewels? But a nurse flaunts up and down the park, or promenades with your pretty one. The hireling, not the true shepherd, feeds your lambs. You would be much ashamed to drag your baby's carriage, or to carry him through a single square in your arms. Yet nothing that you can wear should so become you, so move, if you wish it, your neighbor's admiration or envy, as that with which you are content to adorn a stranger."

CULTURED MOTHERS.

"You will ask me how shall the woman keep up her dignity of mind, her individuality of character, while this heavy business of the nursery is going on. Shall she not have pleasures, recreations, pursuits? I should say yes. The woman needs a great deal of relief, a great deal of occupation other than the mere drill of the nursery. But she must not find it in what dissipates and destroys her powers of mind and of constitution. She must refresh herself with pursuits that build up, not with those that drag down. In this view study is a better restorative than dancing or fashionable visiting. The mother cannot improve her own mind without at the same time increasing her power of aiding the young minds of her children. The proper rearing of her children is an art to which, as to other arts, science is largely auxiliary. The great progress of the race in moral and mental hygiene has been nowhere more beneficial than in the nursery. There it has substituted ventilation for closeness, exercise, and careful diet, for frequent medicine, and precept for punishment. But these benevolent changes will rarely be found in a nursery neglected of the mother. Nor will a mother ignorant of the reasons upon which they are founded be very likely to enforce and maintain them. Thus the adequate care of children involves no small degree of study, intelligence and patience."

REGENERATED MOTHERHOOD.

"If I uphold and revere the great office of maternity, I am none the less indignant that women should be held bound to furnish children for a society to whose highest functions and interests they are held as aliens. The more closely the woman's function is limited to the mere birth and material care of offspring, the more nearly is her life assimilated to that of the lower animals. According to present theories the two great ideals, the practical and spiritual, the State and the Church, are for man to build and administer. In the one, woman must be a subject, while all else are sovereigns. In the other she must forever remain a disciple, while all others may be teachers. Something of the anti-maternal instinct of the present day springs from the enforcement of this inferiority of function and position upon a party deeply conscious of the injustice and futility of such an ordinance. The old hypothesis of the inferiority of women were so largely held as greatly to promote the state of things whose permanence they assumed as necessary. The Eastern origin of all the prominent religions of to-day explains the theological sanction which the church gives to the injustice of society. In the East girls are considered marriageable in absolute childhood. Becoming, in tender age, the slaves or subjects of a despot, the principle of individual will and judgment can only be developed in rare instances. The Western nations, among whom woman slowly attains her physical maturity, held her in no such contempt. The Germans boast the ancient reverence of their race for woman, too little recognizable to-day. But the Western theories of to-day have the advantage. They are extending to world-wide application. They are drawing the children of the East with subtle magic. They are bringing their practical enlargement and correction to the one-sided scheming and dreaming of the past. And in this Western world woman is to have a majestic place. Man is forced, on the Christian level, however superficially adopted, to place her beside him. So seated, she appears his equal. The children belong as much to her as to him, more to the State, most to God's high providence, to be trained as its conscious and willing instrument. If woman in America knows what she does, and why, she will place the maternal dignity at the foundation of all others."

THE OFFERING OF FLOWERS.

It is not appropriate to call decoration day a holiday for the emotions it awakens, though not wholly sad or regretful, are still far different from mirth. They take a sacred hold upon memory and feelings deep down in the nature, and bring tears, not bitter, but sweet, kind, loving, that have infinite good in them.

It is good for us to go and stand by the graves of our dear soldier boys grown green with springing grass, and pied with daisies and dandelions maybe, where no tenderer hands than those of spring rains, and dews, and sunshine have done the beautifying in their own fashion. This one, whose remains are mouldering in a little green hillock, was shot dead at Gettysburg. That poor fellow, whose body rests over there under the willow, lay gasping out his life a whole day in the smoke and bloody rain of that terrible fight in the Wilderness, but they never told his mother—he might have been saved had not the cavalry trampled him to death. No, we will not, cannot speak of what our boys suffered. What do they care now for wounds, for thirst and fever, and nameless torture? They are safe and well, we believe; so safe and so well that doubtless all self-pity for the past is impossible.

What do our dead soldiers care for wreaths of flowers strewn upon their graves? asks the hard-headed man of business. Perhaps they do not care, perhaps they do. Who can say? Whether we reach them or not through that endless chain of love that stretches from the highest star to the lowliest clod, alters nothing. The service is to the living, for these men died heroically, no matter how they lived. There were great hours in their existence, and at the cannon's mouth, and the bayonet's point, they learned that he who would save his life shall lose it.

They reached the sublime height of existence, those careless, lighthearted boys—how well we remember them—when they ran doublequick into death's jaws that day at Antietam. There, fallen on the grass, with blood dripping from the side, the grayish color creeping over the face, the eye glazing, the ear growing deaf, unmindful of the whistling bullets, seeing only the children playing around the old farm house door, and the wife with her baby in her arms.

There was an hour in those men's lives when self was burned up like chaff in the fire. They died for their country, to save the honor of the dear old flag, to preserve our homes intact, to make peace and security possible for us. They died to save and regenerate our beloved land, to illustrate the virtue of self-sacrifice, to breathe heroism into a luxurious age. The wall of living men that closed in the life of the Republic, much of it, lies crumbled and low today, and there where the green graves climb the hill, or lie peacefully in the valley, we place our little humble offering of flowers and buds with tears, not of sorrow, but of chastened gladness and quenchless gratitude.

ALL WHO WANT TO VOTE.

We hereby call the attention of women in all parts of the country to what we have stated many times before, viz.: that there is a great book of record kept at Washington, D. C., in charge of Mrs. Josephine S. Griffing, Secretary of the National Committee, for the purpose of containing the names of all women who wish to vote.

The Committee want money to further the important objects they have in view, and would be glad to receive one dollar with every name sent in. However, if the dollar cannot be forwarded send the name by all means, and as speedily as possible.

There are women, we well know, who, unlike the widow, have not even a mite to cast into the treasury; but let such as are better off take notice that Mrs. Lucretia Mott, now in the largeness of her heart, offers to furnish to each person who sends a dollar to Washington the history of the woman's rights movement for the past twenty years, containing an interesting account of the decade meeting held in this city last autumn; the majority and minority reports of the House Judiciary Committee on Mrs. Woodhull's Memorial, and much other interesting matter. This volume has been compiled with care by Mrs. Paulina W. Davis, and is worth much more than a dollar to those who wish to refresh their minds concerning the important events of this reform.

Let not our friends, therefore, show themselves backward in sending on dollars to Washington, a manner of casting bread upon the waters, which shall return to them before many days in the form of a valuable history of over one hundred pages.

A LADY BACHELOR OF LAWS.

It would seem as though man had framed human language directly with the view of barring women out of all trades and professions, but now that they have learned the knack of opening the world oyster for themselves, they don these crabbed masculine titles, and wear them as jauntily as a plume.

A lady bachelor of laws is as anomolous and contradictory in terms, as a white black bird, and still St. Louis to-day glories in the possession of one, standing bravely in her shoes, every inch a heroine, with her tongue as ready, and her brain as sagacious as if nature had not endowed her with a large share of purely feminine charms.

It is no dereliction of delicacy to say of a well-known lecturer, that she is an exquisite woman, and might have reigned queen in society had she been content with the empty life of a belle. If a middle-aged, plain, sedate woman in spectacles, had graduated from the St. Louis Law School, the unfriendly world would have had its little fling, but fortunately, Miss Phœbe Couzins, young, brilliant, and beautiful, disarms criticism, by proving that a scarcity of lovers, and lack of womanly fascinations are not the sole reasons which induce women to walk in the dry and difficult professional paths heretofore trod solely by men. Miss Couzins prefers to dwell in the courts of Missouri, rather than take a high seat in the palace of fashion.

The young lady bachelor of laws graduated with honor, and St. Louis is so reasonably delighted with its novel acquisition, that some of the lights of the legal profession, an ex-Governor, artists, and scientific men, gathered recently at a charming banquet given in honor of the young graduate, by Dr. and Mrs. Walker. The rooms and tables were festooned and garlanded with evergreens, and flowers, and hanging baskets, and there were statuettes and pictures displayed of Lucretia Mott, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, and Paulina Wright Davis.

We wish we had sufficient space to give all the speeches in full. They were so good, as a whole, we do not like to spoil the effect by mangling them. Dr. Walker made a happy little address of welcome, expressing the belief that Miss Couzins' admission to the bar of Missouri marked an era in the progress of woman in America. Miss Couzins responded to the first regular toast in brilliant style, and was followed by Judge Krum, the Hon. Albert Todd, Mrs. Francis Minor, formerly president of the Missouri Woman Suffrage Association, Judge Reber, ex-Governor E. O. Stanard, Prof. Riley, J. B. Meeker, Mrs. Henrietta Noa, professor of German in Mary Institute, and Miss A. L. Forbes. Congratulatory letters were read from Miss Anthony, and Mrs. E. C. Stanton. The occasion inspired Mrs. Stanton to indulge in a poetical flight, and the following rhymed toast was the result:

"For Phœbe Couzins in wig and gown,
There's coming riches and renown;
With her own raven hair for a wig,
And her gown even short and trig;
May this pupil of Kent and Chitty,
Be as wise and good as she is witty;
While her fees ne'er exceed what her client expects,
May she never have causes without effects."

Miss Couzins is now fairly launched on professional life, with the good wishes of a thousand friends to waft her to success. Though she is couzins in name, be assured there will be no couzening in her business. We imagine the pleasant contrast her office will afford to the male dens where dust, red tape, calf bindings, and dullness, repose together.

Have we not good reason to conjecture that the blooming Phœbe Couzins, Esq., will embellish the dryness of her Blackstone and Kent by a vase of flowers—that there will be pictures upon the walls, and hanging baskets in the windows, so that when Antonio drops in to consult Portia he will forget half his woes, and even old Shylock will be charmed into oblivion of his musty bond?

Do not accuse us of intimating that Miss Couzins does not mean business, hard work, and assiduous application; we know she does, only it will be business and work adorned by a setting of womanly taste and culture.

PARIS.

Take a rose-bud or a spray of the lily of the valley, and place it against a sheet of white paper, and would it not more aptly express the lavish beauty of this month of flowers than the most glowing description put into words? And in these ineffable days of bloom and loveliness our ears are tortured with the hideous sounds of the conflict of Paris. Like a frenzied suitor murdering the lady of his love, the mob of the faubourgs has turned and rent the city it pretended to worship.

The madness of the savages who have been turning the loveliest capital of the world into pandemonium, filling the streets with their saturnalia of blood and fire, has made the whole world a mourner. A glorious palace, and some of the most magnificent public buildings in existence have been sacrificed to the brutal propensities of a demoniac crew. Statues, monuments, works of art, a library

so rare it can never be replaced, have all been given over to the fiend of rapine and destruction. The appalling brute elements of human nature are holding high carnival to-day in the very centre of learning and the arts.

Neither is the madness wholly confined to men. We hear of a regiment of women taken in the awful conflict, and another made up of young children. The horrors of the first reign of terror have come back to hag-ridden France, at a period when the world had begun to dream such things impossible, and the hope was gaining ground that our civilization had struck below the surface, was something more than a mere veneering.

In the light of burning Paris, with the streets slippery with gore, and the stark figures of the dead piled in the houses there, are hints of a fearful lesson to the world, and our boasted nineteenth century. Admit that the insensate wild beasts who destroy the precious monuments of science and art, the swine who trample the "long results of time" under their hoofs, are even cut off from all quarter in the mercies of sane men, the fact still remains that civilization is terribly at fault somewhere. Science, religion, morality, laws, have not done their allotted work. The classes that needed educating the most have been left in dense ignorance; the teachers, and the preachers, the men of ideas, the advance guard of civilization have not seen the danger menacing and taken measures to disarm the brute propensities in human nature. After eighteen hundred years of Christianity it would seem that some better way might be devised to render the dangerous classes inoxious, than by butchering them, hunting them down like rats, as the insurgents have been hunted in Paris during the past week, and killing them without a twinge of compunction. We want something that will go behind the act, and touch the possibilities of crime.

It may be said that the lower classes of Paris are the worst in the world, that no danger lies at our door, but there are elements of exactly the same kind at the bottom of New York society, as the mob of '63 illustrated, and which a series of almost unparalleled atrocities is illustrating daily. The burning palaces of Paris appear to write a warning on the sky, and if it is heeded in time, and society seriously sets itself about the problem of better opportunities and education, better and cleaner dwellings, more light for body and soul, in short, in finding out how to apply the ounce of prevention, and save the manufacture of criminals and desperadoes, all the art-treasures of Paris, and the sacrifice of blood that unhappy France has offered, would not seem costly compared to the infinite gain.

Miscellany.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN NEW JERSEY.

The Essex County Woman Suffrage Society held its 13th monthly meeting at the house of William H. Hussey, Cherry street, East Orange, on Wednesday, May 3d. Contrary to custom it met at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, instead of in the evening, to give opportunity of attendance to those only able to leave home by daylight. About forty persons, mostly ladies, assembled, and the meeting was opened by the President, Mrs. Mary F. Davis. The Treasurer's account was called for and read, also report of Recording Secretary. Then a still fuller report of the last meeting was read from the *Woman's Journal*, April 22d. Next followed letters from Mrs. Celia Burleigh, and Mrs. Ann H. Connelly, of Rahway. The letter from Mrs. Connelly expressed great pleasure at receiving the vote of thanks awarded her by the society, and contained the following sentence: "This unexpected and distinguishing recognition of my imperfect, but earnest, efforts for justice to woman is inexpressibly gratifying." The extract below, from the *Orange Chronicle*, gives an idea of what these earnest personal efforts have accomplished for the women of New Jersey:

LAWS FOR PROTECTION OF WOMEN.—The following is the essence of laws passed at the present session of the Legislature by which some of the old laws as far as they related to woman are blotted out. A testamentary guardian cannot be appointed for a child without the consent of the mother, given in writing, in the presence of witnesses, neither can the child be bound by indenture without the mother's sanction; in a divorce suit the court of chancery now has the privilege of determining which of the parents shall have the care of the minor children, and in case of death of the parent in whose custody the children are, they shall not revert to the surviving parent without a decree of the court.

The business disposed of, Mrs. Davis introduced to the company the ven rable Mrs. Lucretia Mott, who being on a visit in Orange had kindly consented to be present and address the meeting.

Expressing her gratification at seeing so large a number gathered to consider the vexed question of woman's rights, and woman's enfranchisement, she likened it in size to one held at Seneca Falls, New York, July, 1848, the first time that the rights of women were stated upon a convention platform and the world called upon to give attention to this momentous subject. With a memory unimpaired by threescore and ten, and a life of active devotion to the cause of humanity, she continued for more than an hour to hold the attention and interest of her audience. Relating in her quaint and simple manner her recollections of a trip to England, in 1840, to attend a world's anti-slavery convention, and how, with courteous and faltering protestations, she was denied speech on the platform among other philanthropists, for which special purpose she had crossed the ocean, simply on account of sex, (the Quakers to whom she belonged, not recognizing this as a disqualification) she showed in clearest light what a thirty years warfare had been needed to place woman where she now stands—the favorite lecturer, orator and divine. An article in the *Nation*, and some extracts from the *Tribune* were read and commented upon; summary of the matter that logic knows no sex. The laws of New Jersey, in relation to the property of women, were next summoned for examination, severely reprimanded, and dismissed for the present, looking to the good time coming, when legislation shall be controlled by a spirit of justice and equal rights.

A vote of thanks to Mrs. Mott, for the instruction and encouragement afforded by her presence, was proposed and unanimously adopted.

The meeting then adjourned to meet at the house of Dr. S. B. Brittan, Newark.

C. C. HUSSEY, *Cor. Sec.*

East Orange, May 19, 1871.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN ILLINOIS.

The woman suffragists of Illinois have split into two parties. One, the Illinois Woman Suffrage Society, has Mrs. Catherine V. Waite for president, the other, which has adopted the title of the Illinois Christian Suffrage Society, is presided over by Mrs. Jane G. Swisshelm. At a recent meeting the following resolution was adopted by the last-named organization:

"*Resolved*, That we, the Executive Committee of the Christian Suffrage Society, claiming that under a proper construction of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution of the United States, and the Civil Rights bill, women now have the same right to vote that men have, but fearing the courts will construe these constitutional provisions in the light of the common law, and deny the exercise of this right by women, and, believing that a declaratory act of Congress would not give this right if it does not now exist, we would urge upon the members of the American Woman Suffrage Association, at their meeting to be held in New York city on the 12th of May, to pass resolutions requesting the friends of Woman Suffrage throughout the nation to memoralize Congress, and use all their influence and power to have a Sixteenth Amendment added to the Constitution of the United States, securing and guaranteeing the right of suffrage to women upon equal terms with men, so that the political rights of one half of the citizens of the nation may not be held by so frail a tenure as the construction of changing courts."

TRUE HOSPITALITY.—I pray you, O, excellent wife, not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman who has alighted at our gate, nor a bed-chamber made ready at too great a cost. These things they can get for a dollar at any village. But let this stranger in your looks, in your accent and behaviour, read your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, which he cannot buy at any price in a village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles and dine sparely, and sleep hard, in order to behold.—*Emerson.*

THE GOLDEN AGE.—Man will become his own prophet, priest, and prince. Justice will govern the nations; love will construe the law; virtue and righteousness ensure satisfaction and happiness; man's catechism will be his consciousness of God; immorality, morals, moral responsibility.—*Rabbi Wise.*

TIME AND ETERNITY.—Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in. I drink of it, but while I drink I see the sandy bottom, and detect how shallow it is. Its thin current dies away, but eternity remains. I would drink deeper; fish in the sky, whose bottom is pebbly with stars.—*Thoreau.*

YOUTH AND OLD AGE.—Youth is growth; old age is simply cessation of growth. To advance, to improve, to daily enlarge the sphere of our being is to be young; to stand still, to retrograde, to contract into a smaller volume—this is to grow old.—*F. E. Abbot.*

CONDITIONS OF SPIRITUAL GROWTH.—Whatever withdraws us from the dominion of the senses—whatever makes the past, the distant and the future predominate over the present—advances us in the scale of thinging beings.—*Dr. Johnson.*

ASPIRATION.—There is something inexpressibly exciting to the mind in losing one's self in the infinity of space; it at once takes away from life its little cares and desires, and from reality its otherwise expressive weight.—*Humboldt.*

YOUTH.—Our nature is immortal youth. Did we live according to its sound laws, life would be that invigoration and ravishment which a healthy child takes from the free play of his powers of body and mind.—*Sam. Johnson.*

THEY are never alone who are accompanied with noble thoughts.—*Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia.*

WOMAN SUFFRAGE ABROAD.

In England, local and parochial meetings, women owning property have exercised the right of suffrage since the passage of the reform bill of 1830.

In Austria, by the Imperial Patent of 1864, in the class of landed proprietors, women possessed of property qualification vote as well as men.

In Sweden, women vote for three of the four orders of which the Diet is composed—clergymen being elected by their own school only. For the three other orders, women take part in the election, "peasant women, burgheresses, and ladies of quality" voting for their own particular order in the Diet.

In Russia, by the ukase of 1861, abolishing serfdom, each proprietor was obliged to make over to his serfs not only their huts and gardens, but a certain amount of arable land for their farms. This was to be held by the serfs of each village in common for nine years, that time expiring in February last. This land is now held in fee simple by the village or commune. Besides this there is some individual holding of land. But for the commune, or joint-stock corporation, each household gives a communal voter, and the important fact to be noted is that this voter representing the family may be either male or female; and it is said that it has been more common through these nine years to send women to vote than men.

—A chambermaid advertises in the New York *Times* for a situation "in a first-class family," and adds, "none but first-class families need apply."

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THE question has often been asked by those interested, "Can I have my gray hair restored to its natural color, without coloring the skin? and can my thin locks be thickened up?" We answer, "It can;" and would advise you to read a treatise on the hair, which is published by R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H., who send it free, upon application. They are proprietors of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer. We learn from it, the hair, in a perfect state of health, is constantly falling out, and new hairs grow from the same tubes; but, in case of any disease of the scalp, or by the use of alcoholic preparations, the hair-tube becomes contracted at its mouth, and prevents the new follicle from reaching the surface. Their preparation will create a perfectly healthy condition of the scalp, and, by its tonic properties, will preserve and strengthen the roots of the hair.—*Statesman, Des Moines, Iowa.*

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